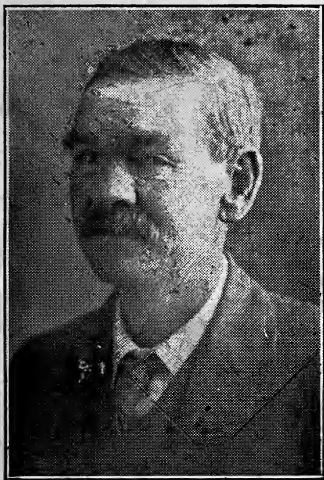


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PHINEUS TEMPEST

The author at 73 years of age

PRICE

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POEMS
BY PHINEUS TEMPEST
September, 1919

Military Hat Bands

A Cord of

Red	Artillery
Red & White.....	Engineers Corps
Red & Black	Ordinance
Black & White	Field Clerk
Maroon & White	Medical Corps
Orange & White	Signal Corps
Light Blue	Infantry
Yellow	Cavalry
Buff	Quarter Masters Corps
Black & Gold	Officers
Silver & Black....	Adj. General's Clerk
Green	Instr. Home Guards
Green & White	Home Guards

Distances From REXBURG in miles

Sugar City	4
Tetonia	9
Newdale	12
Canyon Creek.....	25
Clements ville P. O.	26
Driggs	50
St. Anthony	12
Ashton	30
Trude	64
Yellowstone National Park	90
South Fork Bridge	9
Thornton	6
Rigby	16
Idaho Falls	31
Blackfoot	56
Pocatello	77
Logan	184
Ogden	239
Salt Lake City	274
Victor	55
Wilson	75
Jackson	85
Pincock's Hot Springs	22



FAIR IDAHO
An Original Song by
PHINEUS TEMPEST
(First Edition)
With other ORIGINAL ITEMS of Interest
Copyright, 1919,



Copyright, 1919.
By **PHINEUS TEMPEST**

The Author of these lines was born near Halifax, Yorkshire, England, December 2, 1845 and came to America in the summer of 1865 settling in the Territory of Nebraska and adjoining States until he came to Idaho to help settle the new CITY OF REXBURG in 1883 where he has continued ever since. He was a typical pioneer, adapting himself to local conditions with a bravery and a cheerfulness worth emulating. He was stricken with paralysis of the right side April 30, 1914. These lines were written with the left hand only. A few, of scores of others.



Rerburg Journal Print.
Rexburg, Idaho



REXBURG

PS 3539
E4 F3
1919

REXBURG can justly claim to be the QUEEN CITY of the UPPER SNAKE RIVER, lying as it does, conveniently near the junction of the North Fork and the streams which abound in salmon, trout, mountain trout, and other fresh water fish.

Founded in 1883, it has grown to be a city of pleasant homes. Its streets are wide and for the most part are well graded, many of them macademized. Its sidewalks are practically all laid in concrete. There are miles of such pavement, thus making it possible to go to and fro on foot without getting in the mud. Beautiful shade trees line the streets and furnish shade for the residents.

It is fast becoming the educational center of southeastern Idaho.

Although the schools and Academies are commodious, the fast growing population will soon demand more room.

The scores of modern bungalows and store buildings erected during the last two years stand as a monument to the industry, energy and enterprise of the people.

Capacious, modern hotels, rooming houses, stores and garages strive to keep pace with the needs of the people.

The Yellowstone Park motor road passes through it. Fine roads lead to and from it in all directions. Supplies of every need can be had at the great Department stores. Implement Houses, Motor Dealers, and Garages.

Real Estate Dealers are ever ready to accommodate prospective investors in farms or homes. The rich agricultural lands surrounding the city assure the investor of good returns for his outlay.



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OCT - 1 1919

no 1

Fair Idaho.

That Land of "Liberty,"
That "Gem" we're proud to see,
That "Gem" so dear to me,
 Fair I-da-ho;
We'll praise thy valleys fair
Thy purest mountain air,
Thy fruits, none can compare
 With I-da-ho;

Our hearts with rapture thrill
For lakes and rippling rills,
For grandeur of thy hills
 Fair I-da-ho;
Thy rich pine timber lands
And richest golden sands
Abound on every hand
 In I-da-ho

Great "Bards" have sung thy praise
In song of former days;
We'll join to sing their lays
 Of I-da-ho.
Come join our happy band
In this dear mountain land
And make a home so grand
 In I-da-ho.

(Refrain after last verse:)

Idaho is the land for me,
 'Tis the fairest spot up-on earth,
 I'll live and die
 'Neath thy blue sky:
 'Tis the land, 'tis the land for me.

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Words and Music of this song are now published in full Sheet Music with piano accompaniment by DELMAR MUSIC CO., 189 N. Clark Street, Chicago, and may be had of any dealer in sheet music, or send direct to the publisher.

Daddy's Advice to His Boy

Say, boy, listen to your Dad,
He'll give you good advice,
You can depend on every word
He tells you, aint that nice?
Now boy, when you boys get playing
And there's a "scrap" in sight,
Just "size it up" and "think a bit"
And see who's "in the right;"
You'll find a bully in the "gang"
Trying to "pick" a row
With some kid smaller than himself
That he could "lick" somehow;
Don't "take him up," let him alone,
It'll come your turn in time,
The big feller's got "his eye on you",
He hopes to make "you" "whine."
Keep still my boy, don't say a word,
Let the bad row proceed,
Keep "mum", this great big "bully boy"
Is "warming up for speed."
If that big "bully" aims at you
"Dodge" him and step aside,
Then, "whack him one" right good and hard
And nimbly jump one side.
He'll make a "rush", he's mad at you,
Then's when you'll "get him" sure,
Wait 'till he gets quite close to you
Then trip him to the floor.
A "few like that will put him wise,"
He may not "come again,"
But, if he does, black both his eyes
And he will howl with pain.

A "few such doses fills the bill"
With "bullies", every one;
Repeat the doses good until
He'd rather be alone.
Don't "pick a row," much less a "fight,"
YOU may be in the WRONG,
If so, don't argue that you're RIGHT
And "sing your little song".
"Fess up", if wrong, and "make it right,"
Be friendly while you can;
God did not make you boys to fight
Eut made you LITTLE MEN.

One on Me.

List! and I'll tell you "one on me"
That happened late last night
About a fishing trip I had;
The moon was shining bright,
I had "good luck", the fish rolled in,
I never saw such fish,
I filled a barrel full of them
And then I got a dish,
I filled it full, yet there were more,
I went and got a "lake";
The lake I filled from shore to shore,
Yet there were more to take;
I "heap'd 'em up up-on the dish,
The dish was weak and broke,
In my excitement gathering fish
I bumped my head and 'woke.
I had eaten a late supper of canned sardines.

A Child's Prayer in Song

Kind Father in Heaven I'll seek Thee now,
O listen to me as I pray
And grant me the blessing I ask of Thee,
Forgive me for sinning today.

God bless my dear mamma so patient and good
Dear papa so faithful and true,
My brothers and sisters, I love them all
O bless them forever will you?

Bless Teacher, she loves me, I know she does
She teaches me how to be good,
I want to be righteous and live with those
Who dwell with the people of God.

O keep me from sin so long as I live,
Thy spirit let shine in my heart,
Teach me to serve Thee as all children should,
From righteousness may I not part.

I'm tired and sleepy, I'll lie me down,
Let Angels watch o'er me all night
And when I awake I'll be a good child
And always will try to do right.

If I neglect to train my girl
In what she ought to do,
I do my child a serious wrong
I never can undo.

Ages come, and Ages go
We know not when or where;
Leaving footprints far behind;
—Seen everywhere.

My Mother

My Mother! O my mother dear!

Your love is all to me;

I dote upon your many charms

That others fail to see.

When I'm distress'd and she's in town

All I have to do

Is "call her up" and she "comes down"

And pulls us safely through.

When croup attacks the "little thing"

Or measles "hits the boy"

I take the telephone and ring,

(Now I am full of joy)

"O Mother dear, I rang you up

To see if you'd come down."

"I'll hurry and my coffee sup

And hasten into town."

She comes and dries the briny tear,

(The children on her dote):

When she's around I have no fear

Of "croups" or "the sore throat."

She's just "the kindest thing in town,"

For all I have to do

Is "call her up and she comes down"

And sees us safely through.

If all the money that you spend

Be more than what you earn

You'll find the Poorhouse at the end

When you'll be forced to learn.

Fritz Had a Dream

Mine own dear Gretchen was mine Frau
Ich lofed her yust so vell
Und she lofed me, but not so now:—
Ich be so in von "shpel."
She no more comes to me some day,
At night she comes mit me:
Mine heart ees sad, I'll run away
Und drown mineself at sea.
She Pretzels make, und kraut so goot,
Her schmear-case too vas fine,
Limburger cheese as goot as mud
You bet, it yust vas fine.
Mine heart ees sad, Ich veep some more
Und den Ich to schleep go;
She come again ven Ich be schnore
Und shake mine bed yust so.
She say to me "Fritz, vy you cry?"
Und den Ich cry some more;
She got von grosser Kartoffel
Und een it make some door;
Ve bote climb een und shut eem oop,
She say, "Ich Lieben Disch";
Ich say, now Gretchen, take dees coop
Und Lager drink like fish.
She drink eem oop. Ich drink eem oop,
Ve couldn't drink some more;
Mine Gretchen went a ladder oop
Und Ich fell on der floor.
Ich den vas wake, mine head vas beeg
As vasser tank or barrel:
Ich vill nein more dreenk like von peeg
Dot stuff vas make some quarrel.

Mine Gretchen's gone, she ees some dead,
Ich vill not her oop dig,
I'll crawl into mine leetle bed
Und schnore und schleep like peeg.

Keep A-Pitching In

When the road is long and dreary
And your Goal is far away,
Remember this, that others trod
In the very same old way:
You may get tired; get very sad,
And feel like "giving in,"
But "don't give up," but "go at it"
And "Keep A-Pitching In."

You'll "get there" some day, never fear,
Others have before you;
The Prize is only won, my dear.
By those who "stick it thru":
In "fighting battles all thru life"
Be sure and "hold your vim",
"Stay with it" girl (boy) keep up the strife
While you're "A-Pitching In"

You'll never do a thing that's "great,"
Nor "anything worth while"
Unless your work "claims all your heart,"
And you have "grit" and "style":
A mansion's not built in a day;
Pan-a-ma would not swim
The largest vessels now afloat
If 'twere'n't for "Pitching In."

My Friend

My "friend" is he who helps me meet
My weaknesses, and faults;
Holds out his hands in friendly greet,
His faith in me ne'er halts:
When I fall down in deepest sin
He tries to lift me higher,
His great, strong arms will drag me in
From deeper, darker mire.
My "friend" wont tattle ill of me,
Nor ope' the gaping wound,
His soothing words are strength to me,
My inmost heart they've found:
I love my friend the more I see
The pain I've caused his heart;
He's patient, gentle, kind to me.
He knows "I'm good at heart".
My love he's won; He's saved my soul;
His strength has brought me life;
No more I'll drain the "cursed bowl"
So full of hates and strife.

Day Dreams

To-day, as I sat thinking, dear,
My thoughts went far away
To fields of green, and deserts drear
Which long since pass'd away.
I thought I heard you say again
Those words that thrill the heart,
And leaves its impress on the soul
From which one can not part.

Happiness

Oh! it's nice to get up in the morning
In the "good old summer time"

At four or five or six o'clock

'Fore the sun begins to shine;

Oh! it's nice to get up in the morning

But it's nicer to lay in bed

And sniff the hot coffee that's boiling

And Sambo is making hot bread.

Oh! it's nice to get up in the morning

While the birds are chirping along,

But it's nicer to "snooze" in the blankets

And listen to their song.

Oh! it's nice to get up in the morning

But give me the straw feather tick,

It is there I can put in my full time

And hard work won't bother a bit.

Oh it's nice to get up in the morning

When there's nothing at all to do,

But it's nicer to lay in the bunk-house

'Till the dinner-bell rings, don't you?

Oh! ye prate of the beautiful morning

And the sky-lark's wonderful song,

But the sweetest of all, when I'm snoring,

Is the "hurry call" of the gong."

Brave men are they who do what's right

In spite of friend or foe:

The coward only dares to fight

When others tell him to.

Is This You?

There lived a little girl one time
Her hair was done in curl.
Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were red,
In temper was a "churl." (Are you?)
She'd go to school and romp and play
She'd paint and knit and tat,
But wouldn't wash a dish all day.
You might be sure of that. (Do you?)
She wouldn't even make her bed,
Nor scrub or mop the floor,
She'd rather play with little Tad,
The boy who lived next door. (Would you?)
She'd eat the jam and pie and cake,
To "Movie" she would go,
But wouldn't mend her stocking heels.
Not even mend the toe. (Do you?)
She wouldn't carry kindling wood
To make the kitchen fire,
She'd rather play in sand and dirt
And make mud pies with mire. (Would you)
Such naughty children are not nice
Although they may be dress'd
In silken gowns of highest price,
Or satins of the best. (What think you?)
The way to do is, "Do your best
In all there is to do,"
Then you'll be happy with the rest
Who're noble, kind and true.
(Don't you think so?)
Resolved.
I'll just make up my mind, I will,
To work and do my part,

And strive to do my task and fill
My place with all my heart. (Wont you?)

Who'll Have Me?

I am a little jolly girl
As jolly as can be,
I laugh and sing the whole day long;
From love affairs I'm free:
I cook and sew from morn' till dusk:
Just tell me if you can,
The color of the hair I must
Select for my young man?

Chorus:

Now who'll have me?
Don't in a hurry be;
I'll let you see
I'll be a loving wife,
Be loyal all my life
Be loyal all my life
As wives should be:
Your wink young man, I see,
Will YOU have ME?

I'm sixteen past, my hair's in curl,
My lips are rosy red,
Just ready to be kiss'd, you know,
The day that we are wed.
Now say young man, here is your chance,
I'm sweet as sweet can be,
You've got to get a move on you
If YOU get ME.

When Gertie Comes to Town

You bet, we'll have a jolly time
When Gertie comes to town;
The "cads" will spend their lonely dime,
When Gertie "hits the town;
They'll buy the ice cream, nuts and cake,
Go beating out upon the lake,
They'll listen to her music "great",
She'll captivate the town.

Chorus:

Then fill your pockets full of toys:
She'll fill your hearts chuck full of joys
Put on your smartest Sunday clothes,
Mist, rain, or hail or wild wind blows,
Brush up your hair and wipe your nose
For Gertie has the town.

She dances like a Fairy Queen,
This Gertie girlie mine,
The fairest creature ever seen,
Is darling Gertie mine:
She dances Lame Duck, Turkey Trot,
Cuts "Pigeon Wing" and gay Fox Trot;
She's just a "Johnny-on-the Spot,"
Is Gertie, dearie mine.

Now all you Guys, be very wise,
And don't go making "Goo-goo eyes",
She'll biff you one jolt on the chin,
She's "nervy" and she's got the "vim",
She's A, Plus One in every "Gym".
I'm glad that she is mine.



Bill's a Button Short.

I don't know what the people mean,
They seem so full of fun;
All eyes turn on me as they scream,
And shout, and then they run
Away from me as if I were
A leper of some sort.
I wonder what they're meaning by,
"Bill, you're A Button Short."

Chorus:

Oh! Billy you're a button short
Is sort of friendly greet.
You hear it at the Club or Ball
Or in the crowded street;
It seems to furnish lots of fun
To all who take a part;
They look at me so queer, then run
Saying, "Bill's A Button Short."

I went to Pincock Springs one day
To take a little swim
And all I heard that summer day
Was this, (and then they'd grin),
Why Billy dear, what brings you here?
You're sure a reg'lar sport,
That is, you would be, if you wer'n't
'A Golden Button Short."

Oh! Billy you're a button short
Is all the rage in town;
'Tis used by ladies, and the sports
Of great, or no renown.
If you are walking through the street

And from a friend should part
Don't be alarmed if he should yell
"Bill, you're A Button Short".

Life

A little girl sat in her chair one day
Rocking her doll to sleep,
"I'll be a fine lady some day," she said,
"With a house so grand to cover my head,"
"And a nice young man I am sure to wed,"
"And a Crown of Gold to put on my head,"
"With never a trouble to mar my way"
"Or make me weep."

A little boy sat on a log one day
Whiling his time away:
"If I was a man, and big and strong,"
"I'd struggle and toil the whole day long."
"I'd get me a wife to help me along";
"She'd rock the babe while singing this song,"
"Please little baby, don't cry so I pray"
"Mama'll not run away."

A Fair Lady sat in her chariot gay,
Dress'd in her finest gown;
"My footmen and maids will come at my bid";
"I've couches of down; a crown for my head";
"My husband's a King!" then her face she hid,
While down in her pillows she gently slid.
Her Lady-in-Waiting heard her say,
"Forgive! Forgive!! My own!!!"

A Nobleman sat on his "Charger Grey,"
Dreaming the hours away.
On his vast estates he cast a proud look;
"I've millions of gold stored safe in my book

“To whom shall I leave it when I am took?”
He sadly sought a quiet nook
And these were the words he was heard to say,
“My soul is lost today.”

A white haired woman sat weeping one day;
Her face had lost its bloom;
Her features showed sorrow in every line;
She dreamed of the days when all was sunshine,
When the skies were clear and the weather fine;
When the world was gay and her joy sublime.
As she wept sad tears, Time bore her away
To his pittance home.

A grizzled old man in his chair one day
Sat brooding his life away:
He thought of the days long gone, we are told,
When Power and Pomp were all bought with gold;
When Liberty, Happiness, Life was sold;
With no thought of the time of growing old;
Grim Death with his scythe came along that day
And claimed him for his pay.

Great God! attend me as I call
On Thee in time of need,
Give strength unto my weary soul
That I may run with speed.

Think no evil as you go
About from place to place,
For if you do you only sow
Deep lines upon your face.

The finest gold is found in dirt,
But virtue rarely in a flirt.

Fidelity.

"Nay! entreat me not to leave thee,"
Thy love to me is more
Than pearls from India's richest sea
Or Africa's golden shore;
Thy people are my people too;
Thy God and mine are one;
The "blood of Moab will be true
Until the race is won."
Thy bones may bleach on arid plains,
Mine shall lie beside them
Until the Great God shall again
Breathe new life in-to them.
Such confidence and faith here shown
By Ruth of blessed fame
Is seldom seen, or rarely known
'Mongst those who bear her name.

My son rose early in the morn
To breathe pure Ozone air:
He goes to rest at "candle light,"
Such deeds are very rare.

What the Doctor Says:

When Berries are sour, put sugar on them,
When Pickles are sour, throw them away.

"Live not to eat, but eat to live,"
Is good advice to give:
But if you live to eat you give
Advice as through a seive.

Play not with soot, it stains.
Good habits show good brains.

I Earn My Own Reward

If my life has been both pure and clean
And I've lived the best I can
And lent a hand wherever I've been
To soothe the sorrows of man
And ease his pain and lighten the load
His back was too weak to bear
I need not fear as the time draws near
For the journey "Over There."

If I help the weak with "Deeds" of cheer
Assist him to travel on
I need not harbor the slightest fear
Of a future further on.
My reward is won by "Deeds I've done"
When call for help came my way
So I have no fear as time draws near
To start on the "Endless Day."

I've not lived a life of spotless tread
But perhaps I've done my best;
I'll trust all to Him who loveth all
And plead for the Final Rest;
For whether I've lived in "Halls of Fame."
Or hid in the "Dens of Sin"
I know I have earned my own reward
When "The Books" are handed in.



BUSINESS DIRECTORY OF REXBURG.

First National Bank	Main St.
Rexburg State Bank,.....	College Ave. & Main
Farmers & Merchants Bank	Main St.
Eccles Hotel, New Modern,.....	College Ave.
Idaho Hotel, Captain Homer, Prop.	Main St.
St. John's Hotel, Modern,	Main St.
Madison Co. Cafe (Tables for Ladies),	Main St.
Palace Cafe (Tables for Ladies)	Main St.
The Grill,	Main St.
Quick Lunch	Main St.
Idaho Cafe	College Ave.
Edlefsen & Son, Garage,	E. Main St.
Central Garage,	Carlson Ave.
Yellowstone Garage, Firestone Tires,	Main St.
California Garage	College Ave.
Hart-Ellsworth Auto Co., Automobiles,	College Ave.
John J. Walters Auto Co.,	1st South & College Ave.
Hy. Poole, Auto Oils and Gasoline,	Depot
E. H. Thornton, Battery Station	Main St.
Tire Service Co.,	Carlson Ave.
Sandstrom Tire & Rubber Co.	Main St.
Poole Motor Co. Ford Cars, Everything for the Ford	
J. G. Winter Transfer Co.	Carlson Ave.
P. Anderegg, Auto tops, & Upholstering, ..	E Main St.
Wm. Bell, Blacksmith, General Work,	Main St.
J. Brenner, Blacksmith, Repairs,	Main St.
Child's Variety Store,	Main St.
Miss Olive Dudley, Art Shop,	College Ave.
H. Flamm Co., Department Store,	Main St.
J. L. Ballif & Sons, Ladies, Gents Clothing,	College A.
Rowles-Mack Co., Gents Clothing,	College Ave.
Liberty Co., Clothing,	Main St.
J. C. Penney, Co. (197 Busy Stores)	Main St.
J. Smuin & Son, (Grocer, Fruits,)	Main St.
Skaggs Stores Co., Money Saving Cash Stores. “	
T. Jeo Co., Groceries etc.	College Ave.
United Merc. Co., Fruit, Groc., Produce,	College Ave.
Rex Fruit Stand, Phone No. 146,	Main St.
Farmers Mill & Elevator Co.	Depot
Inter-Ocean Elevator Co., W. F. Toller, Mgr.....	Depot
Utah Power & Light Company	Main St.
Club Billiard Hall, J. E. Winzler, prop.	Main St.
Columbia Theatre, Good Programs,	Main St.
Dr. Wm. B. Kennedy, Optometrist,.....	College Ave.

Widsteen, Jeweler & Optician	College Ave.
C. R. Leineger, Jeweler,	College Ave.
H. Wolfensperger, Jeweler,	Main St.
Nobby Millinery (Mrs. Squires)	E. Main St.
Woman's Smart Shop	College Ave.
Up-to-Date Millinery Co.	College Ave.
Wright's Meat Market, (Fruits)	Main St.
City Meat Market, Skelton Bros., props.,....	College A.
F. Gruber's Meat & Provision Co.	Main St.
Farmers Implement Co.	E. Main St.
Farmers Equity, (Implements)	Carlson Ave.
Consolidated Wagon & Machine Co.	Main St.
Studebaker Co., Vehicles, Harness,	Main St.
Graham-Boyle Hardware Co.	Main St.
P. O. Thompson, Heating, Plumbing,	Main St.
A. E. Carlson, Plumbing, Heating,	Center St.
H. L. Jacques, Harness maker,	Main St.
H. Lenroot, Saddle & Harness	Main St.
Rexburg Drug Co. (Rexall)	Main St.
Bigler Pharmacy, Prescriptions, Cor. College & Main	
The Star Drug Company,	Main St.
H. Rands Confectionery,	Main St.
Bluebell Confectionery,	Main St.
Royal Bakery,	Main St.
A. W. Nichols, Vererinarian,	Rexburg.
Wilson & Wilson, Mason Contractors,	Rexburg
R. A. Blaser, Cement Contractor,	Rexburg
National Park Lumber Co.	Main St.
Jacobs Lumber Co.....	South 1st National Bank
J. R. Young Furniture Co.,	Main St.
Rexburg Furniture Co., (Undertakng)....	College Ave.
C. V. Hansen, Sign Painter & Decorator	Main St.
Anderson Photo Co., Enlargements,	E. Main St.
White Sewing Machine	Main St.
Larsen Music Co., Sheet Music,	Main St.
C. W. Poole, Attorney	Over 1st Nat'l Bank
Rexburg Realty Co., Loans, Insurance	Main St.
Corey & Hegsted, Real Estate,	Ist East St.
Hyrum Ricks & Co. Real Estate,,	Opp. Postoffice
C. J. Upham, Real Estate, Loans,	College Ave.
R. J. Comstock, Real Estate Loans, National Bank	
Thatcher Realty Co., Insurance,	Main St.
S. P. Oldham, Abstracts, Notary Public,	Rexburg
N. H. Hallstrom, Coal,	by Freight Depot
Eagle Shoe Shop, O. S. Lee, prop.....	Main St.
Rexburg Standard Publishing Co.	1st East St.
Rexburg Journal, Stationery, Printing, ..	College Ave.

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